

## **“Hey I'm in a Bit of a Hurry” by Rasmus Malm**

**One of the kids at the swings in the yard has started calling me “I'm in a bit of a hurry”. Like a long word only.**

**It started as a joke. He shouted: “Hello, what's your name?”**

**I was on my way somewhere as usual and just answered, “I'm in a bit of a hurry”.**

**The next time I came by, he was lightning fast: “I'm in a bit of a hurry”. “What a good memory you have”, I said.**

**After a couple of years, he leaves the swing. I see him as a teenager with a dog and a girlfriend. But then one day at the swing I hear the greeting again. “Hey I'm in a bit of a hurry”. It is his little cousins who have learned the tradition of calling my name. “I'm in a bit of a hurry”. I am an archetype now: he who is always in a hurry.**

**Years pass. I run into the super market, I'm late for something. Suddenly I forgot the code for the card. Then I hear a voice from behind the glass barrier. “Are you in a bit of a hurry?” It's him, the guy from the swing, he's 20 years old now. Neatly cropped and wearing green work clothes. We smile through the plexiglass and I figure out the code.**

**I'm increasing my working hours. I'm rushing between work and pick-up at preschool. But I still stand still. It's like trying to get up an escalator that goes faster and faster — only to find that it's going in the wrong direction — it's going down. One day it stops.**

**It starts as a numbness in the cheek, it spreads in half the face and out into the arm. Then I slur. What strikes me when I'm wheeled out on a stretcher is how nice the paramedics are.**

**Sometimes I'm as attentive as the guy on the swing. When I reach out my hand to the world and the world receives it. I don't need to control everything, have no agenda, just the presence that flows in our veins.**